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## A True Knight of Jesus Christ.

('Silver Link.')

Thirteen years ago there died at Sheikh Othman, in the southern end of the Arabian Peninsula, a young Scotsman named Keith Falconer. He was thirty-one years old when he died, the same age at which Henry Martyn 'burned out for God.' Perhaps there is scarcely any other young man who can be so confidently held up before the young men of this day as a true knight of Jesus Christ.

Keith Falconer was the third son of the Earl of Kintore. He was born in Edinburgh in 1856. When he was five years old

ION KEITH FALCONER, IN HIS YOUTH.

he was accustomed to read and explain the Bible to the other children. At the age of seven he used to go out secretly among the cottagers on his father's estate to read to them from the Bible. He got the nickname among them of 'the angel.'

As he grew, he was a very outspoken Christian boy, and in his preparatory school where he was almost head of the school, he hung a roll of Bible texts on his wall, so that all might see his colors. He was as sincere and whole-hearted as he was outspoken. He wrote from Harrow, when he was seventeen, to a friend, that he did not care to go to theatres and certain kinds of parties, because Christ always seemed to be left out, and he did not wish to go where he could not take Christ.

At the age of eighteen he went to Cambridge University, and he soon gained a great reputation as a bicyclist. On Nov. 10, 1874, he won the ten-mile race, in thirty-four minutes, the fastest time on record then. In writing of that race he said he intended the next day to ride a big bicycle he called 'The Leviathan,' eighty-six inches high, and with several steps up the backbone. He got great amusement from the terror this monster wheel inspired as he rode along, and he enjoyed the pleasure of the risk connected with it, for he knew he would break an arm or leg if he fell off. In April, 1876, he won a four-mile race at Lillie Bridge, breaking the record again. On Oct. 23, 1878, in a five-mile race, he defeated John Keen, the world's professional champion then, in the time of fifteen minutes, eleven and two-fifths seconds. Four years later, on July 29, 1882, he won the fifty-mile amateur championship at the Crystal Palace, beating all previous records by seven minutes. But his most interesting bicycle feat was a ride this same year of 994 miles in thirteen days, from Land's End to John o' Groats. It was bad weather, but he rode through the rain, and was the first man to make on a bicycle this continuous journey from the south-western end of England to the northern extremity of Scotland.

But to be the best bicycle rider in the world was not enough for Keith Falconer. He determined that he would excel in shorthand. So he taught himself. At Harrow he practiced by taking down sermons. Later he came to know Isaac Pitman, the inventor of phonography, who had a great admiration for him, and to whom Keith Falconer wrote a letter regarding his great race with Keen. Keith Falconer wrote the article on shorthand in the 'Encyclopaedia Britannica,' when he was only twenty-eight.

But to be, perhaps, the best shorthand writer in Great Britain was not enough, either, to satisfy this young Scotsman. At last he thought he had found his place in the study of Semitic languages, which he took up, resolved, as in everything else he touched, to be at the top. In 1881 he went to Leipzig to study especially Arabic. Two years later he became lecturer on Hebrew at Clare College, Cambridge, and it was one of the testimonies that his students gave to his fairness that he took as much pains with the most stupid as with the most clever. Professor Noldeke spoke of him as a young 'master' in many lines, and before long he won the place in Arabic scholarship that he had been accustomed to win in all he undertook; and in 1886 he was elected Lord Almoner Professor of Arabic in Cambridge University, to succeed Professor Robertson Smith.

Now surely this should have satisfied a man, but Keith Falconer was not satisfied. There was something beyond all this. He had always been a Christian worker. At Harrow he was ever on Christ's side, and at Cambridge he was one of the little band that stood by Mr. Moody on his visit, when his welcome was not very encouraging. Later, he was one of a little company to buy a theatre in one of the worst parts of Cambridge, and turn it into a Christian meeting house. After this he threw himself into mission work in London, on Mile-End road. And he was always having talks with men, trying to bring them to Christ. And he was ever writing hopefully, too. 'Remember sinking Peter,' he wrote to one poor fellow. To Carrington, with whom he was working in London, he wrote regarding the inevitable choice between making self or God the centre of life. Chinese Gordon heard of him, and invited him to go with him, but he declined.

His own plan was maturing. Why had God given him such a constitution, such strength, and such rounded knowledge, such acquaintance with Arabic, such wealth as he and his wife possessed, such a company of strong friends? To use for self? Not in Keith Falconer's judgment. All must be used for God. How could they be better used than in a mission to the Mohammedans in Arabia? So Keith Falconer went out and looked over the ground. Then he came back, saw the Church of Scotland Missionary Committee, got a medical missionary for a companion, visited the Scotch universities to arouse interest in the work, and then set out on his hard task.

The people were fanatical, but he knew their minds and hearts, and he had tact and love. The climate was hot and full of fever, but he was strong, and he did not count his life dear to himself. The foundations of the mission were laid, and Keith Falconer was soon mastering Hindustani, because he thought a knowledge of that language also would help. And then the fever seized him.

Not to be dismayed he kept up a cheerful heart, and read books by the dozen while he was lying sick—Scott, Rider Haggard, Besant, Pressensé, Blaikie, Bonar, Dr. J. Brown. He did not complain of the heat, which was fierce. He only wrote, 'Read Bonar's 'Life of Judson,' and you will see that our troubles are naught.'

And then at last he fell asleep on May 10, 1887, having, as the quaint wisdom of Solomon says, though 'made perfect in a short time, fulfilled a long time.' One of his last words on the day of his death was, 'How I wish that each attack of fever had brought me nearer to Christ—nearer, nearer, nearer.'—Robert E. Speer.

## The Story of An.

(Robert E. Speer, in 'Forward.')

His name was An, and he was a blind man. The first time I saw him he was coming up the path from the gate to the house of a college classmate of mine, a missionary,

'IN HIS FRESH, WHITE CLOTHES.'

at Pyeng Yang, Corea. He did not carry a cane, but felt his way along with his great wooden shoes with turned-up toes. There was no light in his eyes, but on his face was the peace of God, and he brought an air of quietness and rest into the room, where he sat down and clasped his hands, and lifted his sightless eyes to the two visitors from

a far country, who had come 'several ten thousands of miles' to see his people, and bring to them the greetings of their fellow-Christians in a strange land.

'Shepherd,' said he to the missionary, 'it is good that these visitors have come. They have come through many troubles. Our hearts are encouraged by them.' And this was An's story:—'I am twenty-four years old, and lost my sight when I was three years old. For two and a half years I have been a Christian. When I first heard the Gospel I said, "This is Catholic doctrine. If I believe it, I shall die." But as I heard it over and over, I lost my fear that I would be crazed over it, and soon I wakened to the sense of my sins. What were they? I served and worshipped the devils. I was a sorcerer, like most blind men in Corea. I made paper devils, and I did really believe in these, which I put up in houses and prayed to. I thought the devil came into them. I was in earnest in this, though at times I knew I was deceiving people. But one day the change came into my heart, and then I knew that I was doing wrong, and that devils were not to be worshipped, but Jesus only.

'Our people are very superstitious,' he went on. 'Ten days ago I met a crowd of blind sorcerers making devils and worshipping them. And I said, "These paper devils don't answer. Look, I will pray to them." The religion of our people is the worship of spirits and ancestors. Six times a year they worship before the ancestral tablets, bringing offerings, and kneeling with dishevelled hair, weeping or silent for hours. On the first day of our year, and on certain holidays, and on the fifteenth day of the fifth and eighth months, they go out to the graves to worship the dead. It is very sad.

'It is very different now to me. The words of Jesus are very sweet. What ones do I like best? "Ye cannot serve two masters," and "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." And of all the incidents of Jesus's life, I love most the story of the healing of the man who was born blind. It is in the ninth chapter of John.'

'Are you sure that this is a true religion?' I asked. 'Some day, perhaps, other foreigners will come and will tell you that our religion is not true, that it is only one of the many religions of men. What will you say then?'

'Then,' said An, 'we will answer in the words of the nineteenth verse of the fourth chapter of Acts, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you rather than unto God, judge ye."'

'Do you know all your Bible so well?' I asked.

'I know it well,' answered An.

'Do you know what is in the fifteenth chapter of Luke?'

'Oh, yes,' he replied, 'the parables of the lost sheep, the lost coin, and the Prodigal Son.'

'And do you know in which chapter in Matthew is the story of the feeding of the five thousand?'

'Yes, in the fourteenth,' was his instant reply.

'You see,' he said, 'I think of the Gospels at all times. In my little room at the gate others read them to me. Is it possible that anything else could be so sweet to me?'

'And do you have in your mind a picture of Jesus?' we inquired.

'Yes,' he answered, 'I think of him as a man, but full of color, of brightness and glory.'

'Does Jesus help you?'

'If Jesus did not help me I could not live!'

Blind An is the preacher to the women at Pyeng Yang. It would not be proper for them to have a pastor who could see them, and so in their meetings and in their church, the women's church, which has been crowded out of the other church because there is not room enough for men and women together, he tells forth with his loving gentleness and his lovely smile the story of his Master's kindness. Very clean and winning he looks in his fresh white clothes, as he stands before his flock, seeing nothing save him whom, not having seen, he loves, and in whom he rejoices with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

The evening before we left Pyeng Yang An came to say good-bye. We should never meet again here, he said, but we would above. He had been turned out of his home when he became a Christian, but there was a home of many mansions there. He could not remember the sight of us when we were gone, but he wanted something by which to recall us. So I gave him my card, that he might feel that. If he should write to us in America, would we be able to get any one to read it to us? Soon, he went on, he would be laying aside his poor body, and in heaven he would see.

What would he wish to see first?' we asked. 'First Jesus,' he answered, 'then God, then all the believers. I must see Jesus first, for he has been the mediator between my soul and God. He knows all my life here, and he will take my hands and tell me to come. I fear I would not see the Father if I did not see Jesus first. He will show him to me. I think of Jesus even now as a man, for he took our human form with him, and I do now think of him constantly so—my own.'

I see dear An still, as early in the morning of the next day he stood in the path that led down to his little room by the gate, gently waving his hand to us as we walked off southward toward Seoul, and smiling after us with that quiet, patient smile which I hope to see again some day, beaming with new joy, in the land where the eyes of the blind are opened and the Lamb is their everlasting light.

## Bible Study.

The Bible is a collection of Booklets bound together in one volume. There are sixty-six of these booklets, which were written at different times, through some sixteen centuries. A good way to study the Bible is to take it up book by book, mastering the contents of each in turn. Each has its own history, its own meaning, and belongs in its own place.

Perhaps we would better begin with the gospels, since the story of Jesus Christ is the inspiration of the whole book and the key to it all. Take the Gospel according to Matthew. Begin by getting all the facts you can find about the author. What glimpse have we of his life before his call? It seems remarkable that a publican should be chosen to write the first gospel. Yet no doubt Matthew was specially qualified for the task by his previous education and training. Notice that not a word is told us about what Matthew did as an apostle; no act of his is described, no word of his recorded. His Gospel is his only memorial.

Then take up the Gospel itself. It was not written immediately after our Lord's ascension—none of the gospels were. The apostles were sent not to write books, but to preach. Probably for fifteen or twenty years there were no written records made of what Jesus had said and done. The apostles and other Christians went everywhere, preaching the Word, telling the story of the life of Jesus, and of his words and works, of his lowly death and glorious resurrection. At length it seemed proper that these great facts should be written down, for soon all the men who had known Jesus personally would be gone. So Matthew wrote his Gospel.

Matthew's Gospel was for the Jews. Its aim was to show that Jesus of Nazareth was indeed the Messiah who had been foretold in their Scriptures. About sixty times does the writer refer to Jewish prophecies, showing their fulfilment in the life of Jesus. This gives us a key to the book.

Having learned all available facts about the book, the next thing is to read it—not a few words to-day and a few to-morrow, but to go through it at one sitting. This should be done several times, as often as five or six, until the student is familiar with every fact and incident recorded in the book.

Then take up the Gospel according to Mark in the same way—the writer; the purpose of the gospel; its key; then the book itself, reading it through at one time, and re-reading it until you almost know it by heart.

Let the same course be followed with the other books, until each one has been mastered. This will take a considerable time, but it will be time well spent. Indeed, there is no other way of really studying the Bible. One who takes it up in this systematic way will get an intelligent idea of the book. He will know where in the history each booklet belongs and will be able to fit it into its place.

It is not so formidable a task as one might imagine—this reading of the several books of the Bible through at single sittings. An evening, or part of a day, would do for the longest of them. The impression derived from reading one of the Gospels through at one reading is wonderfully inspiring.

Of course, for devotional reading there are other ways of using the Scriptures. Besides this scientific study, every one needs to go to the Bible every day for his soul's daily bread. A single verse is better as a piece of bread for a hungry life, than the swift, energetic study of a whole book. Both ways of reading are important.—'Forward.'

## The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN HEBREWS.

Aug. 26, Sun.—Though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered.

Aug. 27, Mon.—Being made perfect, he became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him.

Aug. 28, Tues.—He is the mediator of a better covenant.

Aug. 29, Wed.—He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him.

Aug. 30, Thurs.—He ever liveth.

Aug. 31, Fri.—I will put my laws into their mind.

Sept. 1, Sat.—Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more.

A rich but parsimonious old gentleman, on being taken to task for his uncharitableness, said: 'True, I don't give much, but if you only knew how it hurts me when I give anything you wouldn't wonder.'

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## How John Gregg Lost His Place.

('Friendly Greetings.')

'John's lost his place, father,' said Mrs. Gregg to her husband, as they sat together by the fire. Their youngest child had just finished her lessons and had gone up to bed. It was at this hour of the evening that they generally managed to have a few minutes' chat together, before the two elder sons came in from their evening class or walk.

Gregg had been wondering what made his wife so silent. She was generally bright enough while he was eating his supper.

And now he did not quite understand why she should be looking so sad and anxious. He and their other son James were in receipt of good wages, and working for the same master. Should John happen to be a few weeks out of work—well, he had laid by something, and it meant nothing very serious.

JOHN AND HIS EMPLOYER.

So he said, 'Well, my dear, and do you know why his master has sent him off? Is trade slack?'

'No; John; that's just the trouble. I cannot make it out. Mr. Hobbs took on two hands last week, I heard.'

'What does John say about it himself?' inquired the father.

Just then the two brothers entered the room, and instead of chatting with his parents as usual, John bade them a hasty 'Good night,' and went straight upstairs.

James lingered a little in silence, then casually remarked that John seemed out of sorts that evening. The mother soon guessed that no word had been exchanged by the brothers about the lost place.

John had had a good master. He had served an apprenticeship of seven years, and was now in receipt of a man's full wage. After having paid his mother all she would take for boarding and lodging her son, he had a fair sum left over, which he was carefully putting by in the hope of some day forming a little home of his own.

Annie, he knew, was doing the same from her comfortable situation in London.

Somehow or other, the week before, John's master had mislaid five pounds, just as he was going to pay it away. Diligent search had been made for the money, but, strangely enough, it had not yet turned up.

John's was one of those peculiarly sensitive natures which sometimes almost seem to attract suspicion to themselves. His conscience was clear enough, but he looked so uncomfortable and evidently felt so constrained that, under the circumstances, his very appearance had gone against him. Then as soon as suspicion was really aroused, his discomfort and constraint increased tenfold, of course. Next, as though to prove his guilt, just as his master was passing him, John pulled out his handkerchief, and with it two bright sovereigns rolled to the ground.

John did not attempt to explain that they had been fairly earned, and that he had been hoping to add them to his savings-bank account that very day.

Had he attempted to explain, his master might very likely have believed him, for it was difficult to believe that a member of the Gregg family had been actually dishonest.

But John remained silent.

'If you would but confess, my boy, I could look over a great deal for your father's sake,' said his master the evening he paid him off.

The poor fellow was almost tempted to wish that he had something to confess; and so the day ended.

He knew his master would not mention the matter against him, as his guilt had not been proved, and thus his family need never know why he had been turned off. Not even his fellow workmen knew certainly the reason that John was no longer among them. He might have left of his own accord for aught they knew.

God knew the whole—that was a relief to the young man, and in that fact he rested during those midnight hours.

Before he appeared at the breakfast table the next morning, his burden had been so definitely cast upon the Lord that the calm brightness of the son's face lightened the mother's heart.

He was down as early that morning as though he had had work to go to, and bravely he set off to make enquiries for some during that and several other mornings. Bravely each afternoon he awaited results, whilst humbly doing odd jobs at home, which is more than all young men will trouble themselves to do.

Bravely, when Saturday came round, did he insist upon paying his mother the same sum as usual. He had not the heart to add those two sovereigns to the rest of his savings in the bank.

When the Sabbath came round, John did wonder a little why the Lord had allowed him thus far to be unsuccessful in the search for work. He ceased to wonder, however, when, early Monday morning, a message came from his old master, asking him to step down.

'Gregg,' said he, when the young man stood again in his office, 'Mrs. Hobbs and I were walking round the garden, as we generally do on Sunday afternoon, when her eye fell on this,'—and he pointed to a little heap of five sovereigns. 'I must have carelessly laid them down last Tuesday, when I stopped a moment to tie up that rose-bush. It will be a lesson to me in future.'

Poor John looked as constrained and as uncomfortable as though his guilt were now fully proved.

'I want another man this week, John—at least, I want you, if you'll come back—and I wish your weekly thirty shillings to become two pounds from this time.'

John demurred at this, though words did not come any more readily than usual to him. But his master answered the difficulty by the remark.

'You know very well that I always engage men on my own terms, and I'm not going to make you an exception. Look up straight to God, my boy, then I believe that your face will gain something that will prevent suspicion falling so easily on you again. He is Sun and Shield, remember. "They looked unto Him and were lightened, and their faces were not ashamed." I'm glad your righteousness is clear again, John.'

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There is a great profit in the cigarette business, and largely for this reason it is carried on in its present enormous proportions. The American Tobacco Trust claims that in one year it made, clear profit, four million dollars from the sale of cigarettes alone.

## The Selfishness of Dorothea.

(By Adelaide L. Rouse in 'Forward.')

'I'd as lief be fed with a spoon.' Prue kicked at the veranda post with the toe of a somewhat 'scuffed' brown shoe. 'Anybody would think that I didn't know enough to come in when it rains. I hate being so well taken care of; I'd rather be neglected. You needn't shake your head, Barb'ry Marsh. What I need, what I long and pine for, is neglect. But I'll never have it so long as Dorothea stays at home. I wish she would get married. But she never will; she would spurn the best man that ever lived, so she could stay at home and make me—comfortable. I almost said miserable.'

'You ought to be ashamed of yourself,Prue Howard. Such a sister as Miss Dorothea is! She is so unselfish and'—

'Exactly. That is just what I am complaining of. If she were selfish I should be perfectly happy. She is selfish, now that I come to think of it. She is as selfish as selfish can be.'

Barbara Marsh was shocked. 'I don't see how you can make that out, Prue. She's a most unselfish girl; everybody says so.'

Prue laughed. 'She is selfish about being unselfish.'

Barbara shook her head. 'Why you contradict yourself,' she said. 'How can a person be selfish about being unselfish?'

'It's a paradox, I know,' said Prue, her eyes dancing. 'It's a paradox, and I made it all by myself. I'm real proud. Why, it's this way, Barb'ry; Dorothea does all the disagreeable things and does all the going without, and never gives me a chance to do anything unselfish. You see the point now, don't you?'

Barbara sighed and looked mystified. She couldn't understand Prue. Barbara had no older sister, and she always wished for one like Dorothea, who would darn her stocking and 'see to' her, generally. She thought Prue very ungrateful, and she frankly told her so.

'If Dorothea wouldn't treat me as if I were six instead of sixteen!' Prue went on, miserably. 'She never leaves me to think out anything for myself. Everything is planned and mapped out for me, and I feel as if I were running on schedule time. I have about as much individuality as a—a locomotive,' added Prue, finishing the simile. 'I hate it,' and she stopped and laughed again. 'Really, it is very bad for me. If Dorothea only realized it, she is doing me a good deal of harm. I should have some responsibility, but I have no more than a baby. She actually tells me when it is time to go to school. I know she will tell me, so if I am interested in anything I pay no attention to time. I never know what I am to wear. Dorothea buys all my clothes and hats, and she always has everything ready for me to put on, all in spic-span order. The only thing I do for myself is to learn my lessons. I suppose Dorothea would learn them for me if she could.'

'I don't see what you have to complain of. If you had a houseful of little brothers and sisters as I have, you'd be glad to have some one to take responsibility from you. I never found any fun in bearing it.'

'But I am thinking about the ethics of the case,' said Prue, roguishly. 'Doesn't that sound grown-up? As I said, Dorothea is spoiling me, and acting in a most selfish manner. There, she is calling me now. "Prue, dear, it's time to dress for tea." It's always just so. Room in perfect order, made so by Dorothea; white dress and blue ribbons put out on the bed; shoes by the low chair, with the button hook by them. I wonder that she doesn't come up and wash my face for me. Yes, Dorothea, I'm coming.'

'Look on that picture and then on this,' said Barbara. 'It's tea time, and you need only to go and put on the fresh frock which is laid out for you. I must go home and help get tea, then look up half a dozen little brothers and sisters, and see that they are made presentable. How would you like to change places with me?'

'I should love it, I know. I'm simply spoiling to have something to do; and I know I have any amount of executive ability, if only Dorothea would let me have any chance to show what I can do.'

A pleasant-looking elderly lady, who sat in the library window, had listened to this conversation, for she nodded her head, saying: 'Good for you, Prudence Howard! I have thought for some time that Dorothea was spoiling you by kindness. I'm glad to see that you don't altogether enjoy the process. The ethics of the case—the selfishness of being unselfish. Good! We'll see if I can't make use of this hint which I have overheard.'

The next day was Saturday, and, of course, Prudence had a holiday. She did nothing all the morning but lie in the hammock, which was slung under the trees. She had a book and two magazines with her, but she didn't pretend to read, the day was too fine. She made the very weighty observation that the little white butterflies looked like the petals of a sweet pea blossom, and she spent some time trying to balance her slipper on her toe. It fell off, but it was too much trouble to recover it, so she fell asleep. Not a great morning's work, but Prue would have been willing to be of use if Dorothea had allowed it.

As for that energetic young woman, she accomplished a great deal. She gave the maid-of-all-work orders for the day, dusted the parlor and library, tidied her own room, her father's and Prue's, filled all the vases with fresh flowers, and cut a large basketful for the hospital, went to market, made a dessert for dinner, cut out aprons for the sewing society, and visited a sick protege.

That evening Aunt Harriet and Dorothea sat together in the sitting room. Prue had gone upstairs to finish her Sunday-school lesson, according to Dorothea's suggestion.

Aunt Harriet was really the great-aunt of Dorothea and Prue, for their mother had been her niece. She was making her semi-annual visit, and as it had almost come to an end, she felt that the time had come to remonstrate with the too competent Dorothea. So she said abruptly, 'What are you doing, Dorothea?'

'I am darning Prue's stockings, Aunt Harriet.' Dorothea looked up pleasantly,as she reached for the ball of darning cotton.

'Why doesn't Prue darn her own stockings?'

'I don't believe she knows how. She has never done it. I don't mind it at all, Aunt Harriet.'

'You have a great many things to do, and Prue does nothing, but learn her lessons and go to school. You should let her darn her own stockings, take care of her room, and assume the responsibility of certain parts of the housework.'

'Really, Aunt Harriet, there is no need for Prue to do anything. I like to be useful; I really enjoy being busy.' Dorothea smiled contentedly as she wove her shining needle in and out of the black stocking.

'Dorothea, I think you are a very selfish girl.'

Dorothea flushed a deep red, then the tears came into her eyes. She selfish? Why, ever since her mother died, and she took the care of the household upon her slender shoulders, she had been told how unselfish she was; and now Aunt Harriet was calling her a very selfish girl. The tears overflowed her eyes and fell into her lap.

'Of course, Dorothea, you are not to take my words in their everyday sense. Your selfishness is not of the ordinary kind.'

Dorothea wiped her eyes on Prue's black stocking, but she made no reply. She could not remember when she had cried before.

'The truth is, Dorothea, that you are very selfish about being unselfish. You want to do all the work and make all the sacrifices. If there is anything disagreeable to be done, or anything to be given up, you do it or give it up, instead of letting Prue taste some of the fruits of self-denial. Perhaps you begin to see the drift of my remarks.'

'But I love to do things for father and Prue.'

'Of course you do; and you want to do everything, and give up everything instead of sharing the burdens.'

'Surely, Aunt Harriet, the Bible says: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."'

'More blessed for whom?'

'For the giver, I suppose.'

'Exactly. Then don't be so selfish as to insist upon being the giver all the time. Change places with Prue and be the receiver, now and then, even if you have less blessedness.'

'I never thought of it in this way, but perhaps there is something in what you say.'

'There is everything in it. Really, my dear, you unselfish people are responsible for a great deal of selfishness. It's a mercy there isn't one of your kind in every family.'

Dorothea looked up from her stocking again. 'I'll finish this pair,' she said.

'Aside from the fact that Prue ought to learn how to do things,' Aunt Harriet went on, 'she would like to be useful. You don't even let her wait on her father. He asked her to bring him the evening-paper a little while ago, and you sprang to get it. She offered to dust his books for him yesterday, but you wouldn't let her.'

'Father is so particular about his books,' murmured Dorothea.

'Prue should be able to dust them and arrange them to please him. She needs to have some responsibility. Another thing, you should let her begin to do her own shopping. You buy everything for her, and have it made up without consulting her.'

'I suppose my judgment is better than Prue's. She is only sixteen, you know.'

'How will she ever have any judgment if she never has an opportunity to exercise it? Let her begin to act for herself, and if she makes mistakes, she'll profit by them. It's a shame for a girl of sixteen to be so idle as Prue has been to-day. She has been killing time, while you have been overworked. If I had my way, I would spirit you away with me for a month and leave Prue in charge of affairs. It would be the best thing that could happen to both.'

Shortly after Aunt Harriet returned home an event took place which brought Prue to the front. Dorothea, the careful, prudent Dorothea slipped on the cellar stairs and sprained her ankle. Her father and Prue were out, so was Maggie, the maid, and Dorothea, lay on the floor unable to help herself, for half an hour, listening for some one to come in. At last she heard Prue come through the hall, singing, and she called her, because there was no one else to call, not because she thought she would be

able to do anything. But Prue rose to the occasion. She half helped, half carried Dorothea upstairs, got her settled on the couch in the library, dashed into the kitchen for hot water, and bathed the injured foot. In the meantime Maggie came and Prue despatched her for the doctor. He praised Prue's hot compress, and as the sprain proved to be a bad one, he told Dorothea that she must not attempt to use her foot for some time. Prue expected that Dorothea would fret, but she took her sentence very philosophically. She lay on the couch in the library day after day and read Ruskin, to all appearances as contentedly as if she had never done anything else. Prue fell into Dorothea's place at the head of the household affairs, and she surprised herself and everyone else by her success. Maggie soon stopped going to Dorothea for orders and went to Prue instead. Prue made mistakes, of course, but she never repeated a mistake. Altogether, she made the household very comfortable, and she learned more from a few days of doing the work than she could have done from years of theory.

When Dorothea's foot was strong enough to be used, Prue came to her with the keys and the housekeeping books. 'Hre, Dorothea, are the insignia of your office, I'm very sorry, of course, that you sprained your ankle, but I couldn't help enjoying the housekeeping.'

'I have a new plan to propose, Prue,' said Dorothea, putting aside her book. 'Suppose we divide the housekeeping responsibilities. Perhaps I have been selfish about insisting upon doing everything myself, and'—

'You selfish, Dorothy, dear'—Prue began. Then she suddenly stopped. Could Dorothea have overheard the silly stuff she had talked to Barbara Marsh a few weeks before?

'Yes; Aunt Harriet showed me that one could be selfish by keeping to one's self all the blessedness of giving. I wanted to do everything, and I didn't realize that I was keeping you from your rights till Aunt Harriet showed me. Now, if you'll take the part of the housekeeping you like best, we'll start all over again.'

The following is a postcript from a letter written by Dorothea to her Aunt Harriet a few weeks later:

'Prue and I are sharing the housekeeping and we enjoy it. I am surprised to find how womanly and efficient she is. Thank you for calling my attention to the fact that one can be selfish about being unselfish. I am letting Prue know part of the blessedness of working for others.'

'I didn't originate that theory; it was Prue herself,' said Aunt Harriet, smiling.

## All Together.

(By Sally Campbell, in 'Forward.')

They were two bright-faced girls, sitting in a cozy sitting-room by a leaping wood fire. The room was small; everything in it was plain; and perhaps a New York schoolgirl would have turned down the corners of her pretty mouth at the cut of these girls' dresses. You see the fashions do not travel very fast to little country villages in Dakota.

There was a pause in their talk just now, during which the wind howled down the chimney and round the corners of the house, and the snow dashed against the window-panes. It was a regular western storm, and Katharine Park, whose home was two miles away from Molly Tucker's, had long ago given up the idea of getting away that night.

Both pairs of eyes looked out at the whirling white tempest and both young faces were silent and grave.

'Oh, I can't bear to think of it!' cried Molly, for perhaps the tenth time. 'It seems so unnecessary and so unworthy, and yet—what can be done?'

'Why, we can go without a minister or we can call on the Board to help us (which may mean the same thing in its present state of finances), or we can pay our own salary ourselves—by a miracle.'

'I believe I'd rather go without a minister than call on the Board!' cried Molly, hotly. 'I should feel as if some really and honestly unable church had been cheated by us. For we ought to pay the money easily in a neighborhood of this size.'

'If only we thought so!' sighed Katharine.

'Well, can't we be made to think so?'

'Only by a miracle,' repeated Katharine.'

There was another pause, and then Molly said, slowly:

'Then let's have it that way. I believe in miracles, don't you? Let's ask for one.'

'We will,' said Katharine. 'But perhaps we'd better find out how many loaves we have, too.'

'A very important part of the plan,' Molly agreed. She picked up a pencil from the table, took a letter out of her pocket, tore the envelope apart, and spread it open, wrong side out, on her knee.

'Now,' she said, 'some of the men give as much as they ought to—your father and mine, for instance. So we are not in the condemnation. But some of the others, above all, Mr. Pollock'—

She was about to write. But she hesitated, with her pencil hovering above the paper.

'Wait a minute. Look here, I have always been very proud of father's subscription; I looked upon it as a family matter; and so it is. But, then, I have money that the family never touches.'

'You mean your savings-bank money?'

'Yes.'

'But you have always given a tenth of that.'

'I know. But, my dear girl, it isn't a question of tenths; it's a question of how much we can possibly spare.'

'But,' argued Katharine, still, 'you are saving to go to college. An education is a worthy object in itself.'

'I know a worthier just now. No, I was going to put down Mr. Pollock's name first on the delinquent list, but I will put my own instead. It's a humbler and healthier and truthfuller way to begin.'

'Then put "Katharine Park" next.'

Molly wondered a little, but she obeyed without asking questions.

'So now it will be perfectly polite to add the others. Mr. Pollock first.'

'Imagine him giving anything!' said Katherine. 'I just wish I had charge of his cheque book for a day or two! I'd be a first-class village improvemnt society all by myself, and he wouldn't really miss anything after I had given it back to him.'

Meantime Molly was writing busily.

'What queer people!' said Katharine, looking over her shoulder. 'Jack Horne! Where would he get any money?'

'Where does he get money for all the cigarettes that he smokes, much against his father's will?'

'Unfortunately, cigarettes are cheap.'

'Well, we are not asking for hundred-dollar bills. Every little helps.'

Katharine was storm-stayed for two days. During that time she and Molly had a chance for much consultation. But all their talking did not carry them far into any very promising place. The most that they did was to make constant additions to their list, which finally outgrew the back of the envelope and was divided upon two pages of paper.

One of these Molly took with her, when the sun shone at last, and it was possible to get about 'I shall go to Mr. Pollock first, before my courage gives out,' she said to Katharine, as she waved her good-bye at her own gate. 'That is,' she added ruefully, 'if I can walk there in time. Otherwise I must go after it gives out.'

It was, indeed, with a quickly beating heart that Molly sat down opposite the grim old man and delivered the little set speech which she had been conning for two days. Having finished, she waited for him to speak.

'You want me to give to the church, eh? Well, you are not the first that has wanted it. And I'll tell you the same thing that I've told all the rest. I don't give money to churches, not to any kind of a church, not a penny. I've said that to your father many a time; didn't you know it?'

'Ye-es,' stammered Molly; 'but'—

'But, what?' demanded the old man, sharply.

'I—I thought'— Molly floundered and felt helpless to go on. Then, with sudden spirit, she said:—'I thought that perhaps you had grown wiser.'

'Well, I haven't; not a bit. I always knew how it would be when they began with the church here. There isn't money enough in the place to float it. It was bound to fail. And I told 'em at the start that they were going beyond their means, and they needn't think they could fall back on me in the end. I told them they'd better stop right where they were. But, oh no; your good father was sure that it was the Lord's work, and that he'd see you through. All right, I says, let him; and that's what I say still.'

Molly rose to go. 'So do I,' she said, proudly. 'In the question of means my father doubtless took God's means into the account, which, of course, gave him a different sum total from yours. I hope that we shall prove to you what a big item it makes.'

'We'll see, we'll see,' said Mr. Pollock, looking at her with a mixture of impatience and admiration; and so they parted.

Molly's spurt of confidence deserted her when she had turned the corner.

'I guess it was foolish of Katharine and me to dream that we could do anything. If the solid, substantial, good men of the community, who have given their most careful thought to it, can hit on no expedient, what can two whippersnapper school misses hope to accomplish?'

Molly looked up and down the snow-piled road until her eyes rested on the white roof of the little church.

'You dear little thing!' she cried; 'we can't take away your preacher from you! and we'll not share your charges with any board alive—not if we can help it. For you belong just to ourselves—and our Master.'

Only a few steps farther lived the new family which had been put upon Molly's list. She walked up the narow path shovelled through the snow, and knocked at the door. It was opened by a fair-haired, broad-faced German.

'Come in, come in,' he said, hospitably, interrupting her sentences of introduction. 'My wife talks wid you. I not talk vere goot yet the English.'

So Molly followed him into the tiny room where his American wife was sitting prop-

ped up with pillows in a big rocking chair. Three or four white-haired children played about the floor.

'I am afraid you have been sick,' said Molly, as she shook hands with the woman.

'Yes, miss, very sick. But I am getting better now. It was a happy day for us when the doctor said I could be moved. My husband came on ahead and got everything ready, and then he brought me here yesterday, after the storm.'

'And it was goot,' put in her husband, breaking into a beaming smile, 'it was goot to haf wife and chillen and heim all again togedder once more.'

The sweet family picture rested Mary's excited nerves. She hardly knew how it came about, but in a very little while she found herself in the midst of a full description of the matter that lay so near her heart. Very sympathizing auditors these strangers were, the man, with knitted brow and intent eyes, eagerly striving after every word. That he had managed to catch the drift was soon apparent.

When he finished, there was a rapid interchange of foreign speech between him and his wife, after which he got up and left the room, and soon his heavy footsteps could be heard overhead. Presently he came back and, standing with his hand on his wife's chair, said to Molly:

'My wife and I luf de church. Dees town here now will be our town, and your leetle church will be our church. So we gifs to it how much we can.' He broke off and added the rest in German.

'He says,' interpreted his wife, 'that God knows about the sickness and the many children and the few dollars, and that he will forgive the gift that it isn't more.'

Meantime the man was fumbling in an old worn purse, 'big enough for a multi-millionnaire,' as Molly thought, and now he drew out and offered to her a shining five-dollar gold piece!

When Molly left the little house, she felt as though the gold piece in her hand were a whole mine of treasure. She met Jack Horne presently and held it out on her palm to show him.

'Who do you suppose gave it to me?' she asked.

'I can't imagine. Has he got any more for general distribution?'

'Poor man, he has very few for anything, I should think.' And then she told the story of her visit. 'Now, Jack,' she said, finally, 'we simply must raise the money for the salary. I couldn't live in the country with that German if we didn't; I'd have to move away.'

'That would never do,' said Jack. 'The salary must be raised. Did you say "we" must raise it?'

'Yes, I did. How much will you give?'

'I shall have to look over my coupons first, before I promise any particular sum.'

Molly laughed and shook her head. 'You don't expect me to let you off with that, do you? Say that you will give something outside of your coupons, and then you may go.'

'I will.'

Molly walked on a few steps before she called over her shoulder:

'And let some of it be cigarette money, please.'

'Maybe,' laughed Jack.

As he went his way he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a few loose coins. 'I guess,' he commented, with a grin, 'the sermons that I could pay for would be just about the right length to suit my taste. Still, it wouldn't have occurred to anybody but Molly Tucker to ask me to help, and, besides, there's a certain amount of sport in working a boom.'

He went into the one village store and said to Mr. Jones, its proprietor:

'If the roads are open on Monday I'm going to drive over to college again. I wonder whether you couldn't put me in the way of earning something by using me for an express company instead of Adams.'

'You want to earn money, do you?'

'Yes; for the church,' said Jack, with dignity.

But he could not sustain the situation; he subsided upon a flour barrel and broke into a roar of laughter under Mr. Jones's wide-eyed amazement.

'It's a fact, though,' he said, at length. 'I do want money for the church.'

Mr. Jones entered heartily into the arrangement, and the bargain was soon struck.

'To last during good behavior,' said the storekeeper significantly. 'And, I say, if any of the farmers choose to send over some eggs or potatoes or bacon,; I'll dispose of them for the young ladies along with my own stock.'

Well, the plan grew and grew. It was wonderful how the hands of the church trustees were strengthened by the unexpected zeal of the young people. The usual subscription list which, under the general discouragement, had threatened to drop calamitously, stood well up to the old figures and somewhat above. Then the 'queer people' whom Molly had put down on the back of the envelope, rose to the occasion nobly, some of them.

'I wish everybody to know,' said Katharine, 'that I could have had a new Sunday-go-to-meeting hat, this winter. But as it was a choice between a makeshift hat and a makeshift Sunday-go-to-meeting itself, I hope everybody will put up with the old one.'

And they did.

One day a lonely old maid asked Molly:

'Now, how is it about taking things for the church? What kind of things do you take?'

'Everything,' said Molly.

'Well, then, I've got a present for you, said the lady. The next day she brought in six pumpkin pies.

'Give them to me,' said Jack. 'I'll take them to college with me and auction them off to the felows.'

The upshot was that the preacher was asked to remain and that he preached to bigger congregations than he had ever had before.

'But where is our miracle?' asked Molly of Katharine.

'It came,' said Katharine. 'The feeding of the five thousand is not the only miracle. There's the widow cruse. The five thousand got one meal, but the widow and her household were fed "many days." I guess the best miracle for a church isn't when Mr. Pollock gives them a blank check, but when "the people have a mind to work!"'

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There are many thousands of cases of paralysis, heart and lung difficulties, besides numerous other ailments among women and children, that are caused entirely by breathing air poisoned with tobacco, and by sleeping with those that use the weed. For when the system gets full of nicotine it must be thrown off in some way. The poison is most easily passed off through the skin and lungs, hence persons constantly in company with or sleeping with tobacco users absorb the poison, and these evils—paralysis, heart trouble, etc.—follow as a natural consequence. In fact, tobacco using is a habit which sometimes kills one's friends even faster than one's self.—'Pacific Ensign.'

## For 'Gain.'

(By James Cassidy.)

'Simple fisher-folk, indeed! Don't you believe it, Mary, there's no cunning they're not up to; no ambition for them before money-grabbing. Heroism is foreign to them; their so-called heroic deeds are invariably prompted by hopes of gain.'

'A bold and sweeping assertion, Jack, yet there's no doubt you believe in your doctrine,' she replied, keeping as calm as she could, though she felt her indignation trying to run away with the reins.

'Believe in it, my dear girl, I should think so; but I'll clear up any doubts you may have concerning my good faith by giving a fiver to any charity you may like to name if you can introduce to me any fisher-chap, old or young, who can upset my theory.'

'I accept that offer, Jack, and invite you to come with me on a visit to a fisherman living at East Molesey.'

'East Molesey, eh! Is he a bona-fide fisherman, or a Thames waterman?'

'A fisherman, Jack, but you'll find out everything when you see him.'

'You may be sure that I shall before I part with the fiver.'

It was a three-mile walk to East Molesey, but the pair were young, and not bored by each other's company, while the afternoon was bright and clear, and the Surrey roads in capital condition.

'So this is the hero's home,' said Jack, as Mary tapped lightly at the door of a small cottage overlooking the river.

'I said nothing about his being a hero, Jack,' she answered quietly; 'I merely accepted your suggestion to introduce to you a fisherman, old or young, who could upset your theory.'

'Never you fear, dear, my theory's tumble-proof,' he replied, with provoking audacity.

The door was opened by the old man himself. 'God love you, my bairn,' he exclaimed, as he saw who was his visitor.

'Can you find room for two of us, Wilson? I've brought a friend interested in fisher-folk to see you,' said the girl.

'He's welcome enough, and will you kindly come in, the both of you,' replied Wilson.

The room into which they stepped was clean and comfortable. In the centre stood the usual round table, covered by a gay-colored cloth, and against one wall leaned an old horse-hair sofa. Two or three pots of plants served as the old man's garden-in-the-house, and in the grate glowed a ruddy fire. The pictures on the walls were mostly sea-scenes. There was the sea in storm and in calm, at night and by day, at sunset and sunrise. Fishing boats empty and loaded, going out and coming, were depicted, all suggestive of Wilson's former occupation.

'Hallo,' exclaimed Jack, as his glance alighted on an oar suspended athwart the wall and amongst the sea-pictures, 'what have we here, a champion?'

'Sir, that oar is more to me that I can put into words; there's ne'er an oar like it.'

'It isn't for sale, then?' asked Jack, his eyes twinkling.

'I'll tell you its story, sir, and then you shall judge whether its weight in bank-notes 'd buy it.'

'Fire away,' said Jack, 'I like a good yarn, and you fishermen are well up to spinning them.'

'Don't mind him, Wilson,' interposed Mary, gently; 'tell him the story.'

'Ay, ay, missie; there's no offence taken where none is meant.'

'It's ten years ago come next Saturday since I pulled her,' he began, looking up at the oar. 'It was at home in old Scotland. The morning was dark and squally and the sea choppy, but for all that we made up our minds to run out the 'Bright-Light,' our fishing boat, for a catch. Other boats had bided, and we weren't laggards. T'wur the right sort of a day for a haul. She was a tight craft, and my sons were as easy in her as bit wee lambies in their cradles. She'd been their bed and play-yard many a time.

'There were five on us. My four lads were as bold and brave a set as you'd wish to see. There was Pete, the eldest, standing nigh on six feet, and big and broad, not knowing fear. Alec, my second boy, a full head shorter, less of a man in the build, but as bold as a lion. Tom was my third, he never took kindly to the sea, and missed its beauty—and it has a beauty of its own, sir; and come last was Will, who took to his tools, and could turn his hand to most anything. He wur ship's carpenter, and a bit of a boat builder, too.

'The mother and I took them out when they were little uns, and it was a proud day for each one in turn as he could come home and say, "I've sailed the 'Bright-Light' alone to-day." I've heard 'em all say't, and seen each of 'em bring in his load. But that morning we were all aboard—three of 'em at the nets, and one of 'em lending a hand a-sailin' her. It wur Alec with me. T'others were with the nets. A silent chap was Alec. He'd keep at his work for hours and say never a word; but he'd a wonderful head for thinkin', and could see a deal more than most of us. This is his book. (Here old Wilson took from the table a worn, shabby, brown-bound Bible, and passed it to Jack.) If you look at the New Testament, sir, you'll notice pencil marks here and there, for my boy followed the Master's sea-journeys and oft sat in the boat with him and helped him haul in the fish. He was ne'er a one for showin' his feelin's, but he'd not much opinion of himself. I recall his shamefacedness when he owned to me one day, "I misdoubt, father, I be jist a coward." Well, sir, that dawn we set out wur not promisin', but we thought o' the fish we were likely to take, and would get on to Edinburgh, if we could, for we fisherfolks must e'en use our opportunities. The mother she thought different, but women is fearsome critters when them as they love is concerned, so we paid her no heed. The lads kissed her—she would always have it so before every journey—but her last kiss was for Alec; she know'd his mind and never misread him.

'"Take care o' tha old father!" she said to him.

'"Ay, ay, mother," was all he answered her, and blithe and brave, we all five on us took to the boat.

'On we scudded before the wind, and presently we hove to and my lads threw out the nets.

'"We'll ha' a fine haul, father, for mark't to-day," sings out Pete. He know'd by the look o' the sea.

'But Alec was a-reading the sky. "We'll ha' all we can do to make for Stonehaven to escape the storm," he said.

'"Is 't feared?" asked Tom.

'"Nay, nay, we'll bide and fill the nets," he said.

'Will had hauled down the sails as the wind rose and the sea grew rougher. Have you seen the sea in a storm, sir, off the coast of Scotland, mebbe?'

'No,' answered Jack. 'I'm a land-lubber, you know, and couldn't appreciate it if I did.'

'Life'll mean more to ye, sir, when ye ha.''

'There's more swirl about life, as it is, than some of us care for.'

'You may well say that, sir; like enough it'll quieten down when ye are drappit somethin' into it. I mind that mornin', ten years agone, how I sat in the 'Bright-Light' a watchin' o' my sons, and thinkin' of their future well-bein'. I never pictur'd them other than fisherfolk; I'd always lived by my boat, and my father and grandfather before me, and many o' my race had gone down in the water, but more had died on their beds.

'"Haul in, haul in," shouted Pete, "it's good few days sin' we've had such a catch." The nets were full of glistening fish, and spite o' the rain and the wind and the trying day our hearts were glad, for we were in sore need of money.'

Here the old man paused and sat silent; nor did his visitors break the silence. At length he resumed his story, sitting erect and his eyes kindling, as he continued, 'Those nets were never landed, sir, as missie here has often heard me tell. The wind mocked our sport. In a moment, I can never rightly tell how it happened, the 'Bright-Light' turned on her side, filled with water and sank. It all happened in a trice. Ah, sir, I saw my three sons, Pete and Tom and Will, go down in the swirl of waters, and Alec, too, disappeared. I was sinking myself, when an oar floated past me, and I grabbed at it, and caught at it and held my head above water. I thought I was alone in a terrible loneliness; when by my side I saw Alec swimming, and gasping for dear life. He looked at the oar, sir, that oar, and in that look he faced death. He saw that it could not support us both, and he, who misdoubted whether he were other than "jist a coward," said as calmly as if he saying "gude nicht," "Weel, father, I maun just awa'," and sank beneath the waves.

''Tis writ there, master, on the blade of the oar, and you can read it yoursel', and underneath is his name and age, the name of him who died for his old father. Oh, my son! my son!

'After that I mind no more. They tell me I was picked up by a passing boat clinging to the oar, and was taken on to Stonehaven, where I lay at first unconscious and then delirious, raving of my lost laddies.

'My wife survived her boys two years, but she buried her heart in the swirl of waters, and died holding on to that oar, sir. Do you believe me now when I say that its weight in banknotes wouldn't buy it from me?'

'Forgive me that I doubted,' said Jack.

'Good-bye, dear Wilson,' said Mary, softly, 'my friend will be sending you a small present of five pounds to-mororw; it'll help you on through the winter.'

'I'll not forget it, Wilson,' said Jack; 'accept it for his sake.'

## Peculiar People.

(By Jane Ellis Joyn, in 'Forward.')

Any one who knew Letty well heard her say very frequently of certain persons in the neighborhood, 'She is very peculiar,' or 'He is so peculiar.' Usually the tones of her voice indicated, even when the words were uttered thoughtlessly, that the people so designated did not stand high in her favor, as indeed they did not.

Further than this, however, Letty would not make an unamiable remark about any one; for she rather prided herself on her good breeding and 'ladylike' behavior.

One summer Aunt Alida visited the Ostends. Aunt Alida was something of a cosmopolitan. For years she had resided in a large city, and she had spent much time abroad. Her visit to Dewbrook was made the occasion of much social intercourse, and in talking over the different entertainments afterwards in the family, this lady naturally heard from her niece about the 'peculiarities' of this one and that one.

'Didn't you find Miss Cotts very peculiar, Aunty?' Letty asked, one morning, following a tea at the Van Noster's. Miss Cotts was a woman of about fifty.

'No; I've met people more or less like her,' answered Aunt Alida, soberly. 'I thought her talk decidedly interesting. In what way do you consider her peculiar, my dear?'

'Why—you know—' stammered Letty, lamely, 'she's so different from others.'

'And who, pray, are the "others?"'

Although Aunt Alida's tone was pleasant, there was a certain incisiveness about the manner that was disconcerting to Letty. To find herself the object of criticism was something new to the self-complacent girl. She wished exceedingly to merit the favor of Aunt Alida, for whom she had great admiration. Her face flushed, and she looked beseechingly from her drooping eyelashes, as if to say, 'Please don't press the question; I dare say I have said something foolish.'

But Aunt Alida did not heed the look.

'Do you mean your young friends?' she asked.

Although Aunt Alida was smiling now, Letty knew she had a purpose in pursuing the subject. 'Yes, and some older people, too,' she answered. 'Miss Cotts isn't the least like mother, or like you.'

'Another question,' smiled Aunt Alida. 'How old are you?'

'I'm nearly eighteen. Oh, Aunt Alida, what are you aiming at? Have I said something very improper in calling Miss Cotts queer? But you see she—she doesn't dress like other folks, and she has some views, or something, that I don't understand. I didn't mean that she wasn't nice—oh, no, only—a little peculiar.'

'If you will pardon me, dear,' said Aunt Alida, 'it seems to me far more "peculiar" that a young girl not yet eighteen who has had but very limited opportunities for observation should constitute herself an authority and a judge in matters so far beyond her. People as well as things lose their peculiar aspects when you understand them. The more one knows the fewer "peculiar" traits he sees in his acquaintances. It is an attribute of a very commonplace mind to be offended at even real peculiarities when they are innocent ones.'

Letty's self-esteem was hurt; but she was too honest-minded to resent a criticism that she felt was merited and intended kindly.

'Aunt Alida,' she said, several days afterwards, 'I thank you for frankly calling my attention to that silly habit I have of calling people peculiar. I have never travelled as you have,' she continued, with a smile, 'and I don't know many people outside of Dewbrook; but I'm trying to get breadth of view from another source: "Charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth in the truth."'

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It has been proved beyond question that some brands of cigarettes contain a great deal of opium, while the wrapper warranted to be rice paper, is only common paper whitened with arsenic.—'Pacific Ensign.'

DRAWING LESSON X.

## How Tom Used Tacks.

'A gentleman had visited the school that day and had talked to the scholars.

Tom Baxter knew that the gentleman was a good man, and that what he said must be true. But Tom did not understand what he meant when he said, 'If we would have friends, we must watch for opportunities to do good, and then we must use tact.' If the gentleman had said 'discretion,' 'wisdom,' or 'common-sense,' Tom would probably have understood what he meant, but tact was a new word to him.

Now, Tom had many queer ideas, He did not ask as many questions as boys generally do; but had a way of thinking out things for himself.

Tom knew about t-a-x, tax; and t-a-c-k-s, tacks; and concluded that the gentleman must have meant one of these, but that he had a peculiar way of pronouncing the word.

Tom had heard the men who sat on the boxes in the grocery store complain that taxes were too high now. So he knew that people did not usually like those who levied a tax upon them. It was house-cleaning time, and Tom had recently been sent to the store twice for tacks.

'Now, if mama did not put tacks in her carpet it would not stay in place, and would look dreadfully, and people would call her slack, just as they did Mrs. Jones, and would not like her. Women ought to be good housekeepers,' he reasoned sagely, He decided that it must be tacks, small nails, that the gentleman meant. But he could not see how a boy like himself could use tacks so as to gain friends. However, he placed some tacks in his pocket, so as to have them ready if he found a chance to use them.

'Tom, I wish you would take this paper over to Mrs. Hopkins,' said his sister, Mary, the next morning.

When Tom reached Mrs. Hopkins she had just placed the linoleum on the kitchen floor, and was preparing to tack it down.

'Ah!' thought Tom, 'here is an opportunity to use tacks.'

'Let me tack the linoleum down for you, Mrs. Hopkins, I have nothing else to do.'

'Oh, thank you, Tom,' said Mrs. Hopkins, gratefully, 'You are a good boy. My rheumatism is so bad I can scarcely get up and down.'

'I should think that John would be ashamed to leave such work for his mother to do when she is so lame,' thought Tom, but he said nothing.

'I wonder if I can find another chance to use tacks?' said Tom, as he started for home, eating a huge piece of gingerbread. 'Why, what is the matter, Charlie?' he asked, as he came upon a very little boy crying.

'I have broken my waggon,' sobbed Charlie, holding up a toy cart.

'Another chance to use tacks,' thought Tom. 'Here, Charlie, give me the cart and I will mend it for you.'

'What makes you look so happy?' asked Mary, as Tom entered the house with shining eyes.

'I have found two chances to use tacks already this morning,' replied Tom.

'To use tacks!' exclaimed Mary. 'What do you mean?'

'Why, Mrs. Hopkins had the rheumatism. and I tacked her linoleum down for her, that is one. Then Charlie broke his waggon, and I tacked it together for him, that is two.'

'But why do you say a chance to use tacks?' asked Mary.

'Why, the man at the school yesterday said that if we would have friends we must watch for opportunities to do good, and then we must use tacks.'

Mary looked puzzled for a moment, and then she laughed, and said, 'Oh, I see; "must use tact," not "tacks." The gentleman means that we must be careful to do good in such a way as not to hurt the feelings of those to whom we are trying to be kind.

'It was kind of you to tack Mrs. Hopkins's linoleum for her; but if you had reminded her that her son ought to be ashamed to let his mother do such a work, you would have hurt her feelings, for she does not like to have John blamed.'

'Mrs. Hunt can scarcely read at all. Though she dearly loves to hear the Bible read, she prefers to have people believe that it is her

failing eyesight, and not her lack of education that keeps her from reading for herself. If you offered to read to her, you could use tact by remarking, what is quite true, that the print in her Bible is fine.

'Mrs. Chapman would be glad to have you read to her; but she is very sensitive about her rapidly failing eyesight. You could use tact by asking her if she would listen to your reading, and tell you how to pronounce the long words.

'Though there may sometimes be a chance to use tacks in doing good, there is always a chance to use tact.'

## Be Content.

Long, long ago, a robin and a butterfly talked over their troubles one day.

'How much nicer it would be to live in a house, as men do,' said the robin. 'There's a black cloud in the sky, and I'm sure it's going to rain. I'll have to cuddle up under the leaves, and my feathers will be damp. I fear I'll take cold and lose my voice.

'I have to hide away too when it rains,' said the butterfly. ''Twould be a great pity if the water washed off my lovely powder, and a big shower might drown me.'

Miss Butterfly was quick-witted. 'Why not go and live in that house now? The window's open?' And she flew in at once. The robin was more cautious. He lighted on the window-sill, and peeked around. 'I don't see any place for a nest.'

'Pshaw! You don't need a nest in a house,' said his gay little friend. So Master Robin flew in, and perched on the first thing he found, which was a book; but he looked homesick. Miss Butterfly fluttered to a quill pen and made believe that it was a flower.

Pretty soon there were sounds, and the robin listened as hard as he could.

'Oh, papa!' a child's voice said, 'look there! Sh-sh! Keep still! You'll scare them! What a beautiful butterfly for your collection! And, papa, mayn't I have the bird in a cage? I'd like a robin with my canary.'

A man's voice answered low: — 'Run around outside, then, deary, and close the windows softly so they can't get out.'

Master Robin's brains were wide awake now. He spoke quickly: 'That man will stick a pin through you, my lady. And that girl thinks she'll put me in a cage! I guess not! Let's fly!'

Out they flew, just as the little maid's hand touched the sash. They heard her cry of disappointment as they dashed by her.

'Oh, papa! they went out like a flash, and they're both gone!'

But Master Robin and Miss Butterfly laughed heartily to be out again in the free air. The black cloud was gone, and the warm spring sun was shining on the garden beds of crocuses and hyacinths. How beautiful it was out of doors! Living in a house was not to be compared to it. 'Better be content where our Maker meant us to live,' said Miss Butterfly. — 'Sunbeam.'

## Does it Pay to Drink Alcohol.

Now, my little reader, I want you seriously to pay attention to this little talk. There is a time to laugh, a time to play, and a time to think; this is the time to put on your thinking-caps, so please do so.

When I ask the question, Does it pay to drink alcohol? I mean is it a good habit to buy and drink what contains the poison known by that name? Such drinks are beer, whiskey, and port wine, and when I say, Does it pay? I mean, Are these drinks worth the money people pay for them?

Most children have pocket-money. It is so nice to hear these pennies rattling in the pocket; it makes a child very happy to go into a shop and buy something with its own money.

The wise boy does not spend the pennies as fast as they come to him; he keeps them till he gets a shilling, and then he can buy something worth having. It is so nice to have a few shillings to buy mother a present on her birthday, or to give a poor child some articles of clothing.

I can imagine my little reader having saved up a few shillings, now goes into a shop to lay out his money.

I think I am right in saying that he has often looked in the shop window at the article he wishes to purchase, and many a time he has considered the price, and wondered whether he would ever be able to save so much.

We follow him as he walks into the shop.

'Please, I want a pot of maidenhair fern.'

Now, let us suppose the shopman to be dishonest; he picks out a plant that is not worth half the price he wants his little customer to pay for it.

Suppose you, my little reader, are the customer, you at once reply:

'No, no, that won't pay; that plant won't live long; I don't want to give my mother a plant that will soon be dead.'

What you mean is this, you want your value for your money, and you mean to have it, before you part with your savings.

In just the same way I ask, Does it pay to buy intoxicating drinks? Do you get your value for your money? I think you will say at once; 'No, no, certainly not.'

And why not? Because these drinks are nearly all water and poison.

It would be impossible to drink the poison alcohol if it were not mixed with a large quantity of water.

Water is a necessity of life; when we drink it, it does not make bone, flesh, or brain; it helps the other things we eat to do this. Alcohol cannot make bone, flesh or brain, and it prevents the food we eat doing this.

When a child eats a plate of porridge, or a basin of bread-and-milk it takes into the body the very things that are required to make the body grow. No kind of intoxicating drink does this. For this reason alone everyone might decide that it does not pay to buy intoxicating drinks. There is, however, another reason; alcohol does much mischief to the body and the mind,

Suppose, when you took this pot of maidenhair fern home, it made mother ill, suppose it made father do wicked deeds, suppose it killed little brother, how sorry would you be that you had spent your money on it, how quickly would you take it out of the house!

Alcohol does all this and a great deal more. Many a good father has been made a bad man by drinking alcohol; many a poor mother has been obliged to toil too hard through her husband spending his wages on alcohol; many a child has been starved, ill-treated, and killed through alcohol.

Alcohol is, therefore, our enemy, It is very foolish to spend money on it, it does not pay to buy these drinks; be wise, and spend your money on those things that are good.—'The Adviser.'

LESSON X.—SEPTEMBER 2.

## The Seventy Sent Forth.

Luke x., 1-11; 17-20. Memory verses, 2-6.
Read Luke x., 1-24.

## Daily Readings.

M. The Twelve.—Luke ix., 1-11.
T. The Seventy.—Luke x., 1-11.
W. The Seven.—Acts vi., 1-8.
T. At Last, Mark xvi., 14-20.
F. The Fire.—Acts ii., 1-12.
S. Faint not.—II. Cor. iv., 1-18.

## Golden Text.

'The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few.'—Luke x., 2.

## Lesson Text.

(1) After these things the Lord appointed other seventy also, and sent them two and two before his face into every city and place, whither he himself would come. (2) Therefore said he unto them, the harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few: pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth laborers into his harvest. (3) Go your ways: behold I send you forth as lambs among wolves. (4) Carry neither purse, nor scrip, nor shoes: and salute no man by the way. (5) And into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, Peace be to this house. (6) And if the son of peace be there, your peace shall rest upon it: if not, it shall turn to you again. (7) And in the same house remain, eating and drinking such things as they give: for the laborer is worthy of his hire. Go not from house to house. (8) And into whatsoever city ye enter, and they receive you, eat such things as are set before you. (9) And heal the sick that are therein, and say unto them, The kingdom of God is come nigh unto you. (10) But into whatsoever city ye enter, and they receive you not, go your ways out into the streets of the same, and say, (11) Even the very dust of your city, which cleaveth on us do we wipe off against you: notwithstanding be ye sure of this, that the kingdom of God is come nigh unto you. (17) And the seventy returned again with joy, saying, Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through thy name. (18) And he said unto them, I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven. (19) Behold, I give you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy: and nothing shall by any means hurt you. (20) Notwithstanding in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you; but rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven.

## Suggestions.

The twelve apostles were not the only disciples of the Lord Jesus, there were at least seventy others who had so learned of him as to be able to preach to others the wonderful tidings of the Kingdom of God. These seventy our Lord sent forth in couples, to prepare the way before him, then he followed and personally visited the towns and villages where they had first proclaimed his coming and his good news.

As he was sending them out he commissioned them first to pray that the Lord of the harvest would thrust forth laborers into the harvest field. The field is the world and the harvest is one of souls. The harvest is ripe, not in the sense of souls being ready for heaven, but ready for the gospel message, in dire need of salvation. Our need is our only claim on the Lord Jesus for pity, and trust in his blood is our only claim on God for Salvation. Amongst the great multitudes of sinful, weary souls, there must in every place be at least two or three who will welcome the gospel message, and be glad to be gathered into the Kingdom. All around us there are souls who might be brought into fellowship with the Lord Jesus by some personal invitation from us.

Pray ye—all God's promises are conditional, in all his plans there is room for the prayers of his people. There are many blessings which he will only give in answer to earnest, honest prayer. He wants to bless his people, but he is more anxious that they should learn how to draw nigh to him in prayer than that they should derive temporal blessings from belonging to him. If our heavenly Father kept giving us blessings without our asking for them, it might only tend to make us grow away from him, and in beholding the gifts we might forget the Giver. God is greater than his greatest gifts; fellowship with the Lord Jesus is better than the possession of the best blessings apart from him. God bids us pray, first, that we may come close to him and really know him in heart fellowship, then that we may bring down blessings on ourselves and on the whole world through the prayer of faith prompted by love of him who first loved us. So the Lord Jesus bids us pray for workers who will seek in every way to bring to him those souls for which he died.

The seventy were sent forth as lambs among wolves, their message was one of peace and good tidings, they were to take no extra clothing or money, but just to go simply clad as though about their daily work. As they went they were not to stop by the wayside to exchange lengthy salutations with all those whom they met. The Eastern customs require a man to sit down and chat perhaps an hour or two with every traveller he meets by the way. The disciples were not to waste their time in this way, but to hurry on from one village to another proclaiming the glad tidings. The King's business requires haste. When they entered a house they were to call down peace and blessings upon the household. If those in the house would open their hearts to the blessings they would be filled with peace, but if not, then the blessing should return upon those who called it down. The disciples were to stay in the first house that would receive them, taking their place not as beggars, but as those who had earned their food by their labors of love.

The seventy missionaries were to proclaim the coming of the Kingdom of God, and God worked through them miracles of healing and wonderful signs to prove the truth of their message. When they returned from their mission they were filled with joy, saying, Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through thy name. They had, by the power of God, cast out demons from those who were possessed, and healed the afflicted ones. Jesus rejoiced with them and told them that he had seen Satan falling down from his place of power, for now he was to be defeated by even the humblest of the true believers in the Lord Jesus. 'Greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world.' (I. John iv., 4.) The power of God is greater than the power of the devil, and God gives to all who will receive him, the power of the indwelling Holy Spirit.

Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

Nevertheless there is something even greater for us to glorify in and that is the glorious fact of God's personal individual love to each one of us and the assurance that our names are written in the Lamb's book of life. (Rev. iii., 5.) This assurance means much more than a hope of heaven, it means that we are expected there when we leave this earth, but it also means that while we are on this earth, we are to live as citizens of that kingdom whose subjects are filled with righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. (Rom. xiv., 17.) Is your name written there? Jesus Christ died for every one.

## Questions.

How were the seventy missionaries sent out?

What was their message?

Why did our Lord command them to pray?

Is the harvest of souls as ripe now as it was then?

Whose business is it to prepare the way for the Lord Jesus?

How could we prepare any one to receive him?

What is the greatest cause for a Christian's joy?

## Junior C. E. Topic

FINDING THE LOST.

Mon. Aug. 27.—What is a lost soul?—John iii., 18.

Tues., Aug. 28.—Jesus's example.—Luke xix., 10.

Wed., Aug. 29.—The disciples' example.—II. Cor. v., 20.

Thu., Aug. 30.—Seeking.—Matt. x., 6.

Fri., Aug. 31.—Giving.—Rom. x., 15.

Sat., Sept. 1.—Praying.—Luke x., 2.

Sun., Sept. 2.—Topic.—How can we help Christ to find lost souls?—Luke xv., 3-10.

## C. E. Topic.

Sept. 2.—Seek souls.—Luke xv., 1-10.

## Bible Wines.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER III.—UNFERMENTED WINE.

This is taken from a picture of Bacchus, dug out of the ruins of the city of Pompeii. The city was destroyed by the eruption of the volcano Vesuvius, about seventy-nine years after Christ, or over 1800 years ago.

1. Q.—What does this picture represent?
A.—Bacchus, holding a bunch of grapes in both hands, and squeezing the juice into a cup.

2. Q.—Where is such a way mentioned in the Bible?
A.—In the butler's dream, given in Gen. xl., 11.

3. Q.—Did this wine contain any alcohol?
A.—It did not. It was the pure juice or 'blood' of the grape.

4. Q.—How do we know that wine without alcohol was made in Bible times?
A.—Moses, in the thirty-second chapter of Deuteronomy, 14th verse, speaks of the 'pure blood of the grape' drunk by the Jews; in other places it is spoken of as 'sweet wine.'

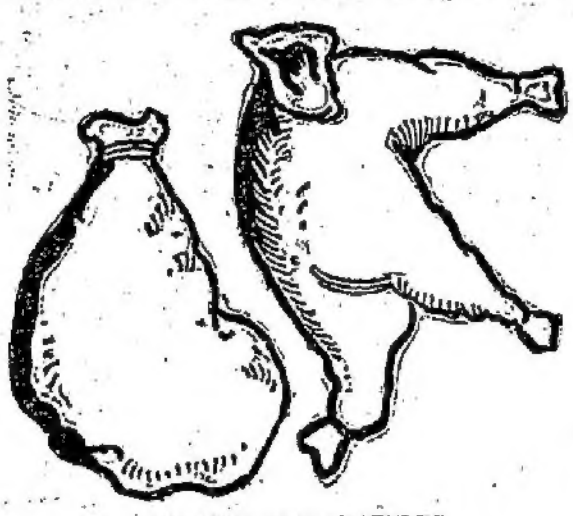
5. Q.—Have we other proof?
A.—The Egyptian kings drank wine fresh from the grape; and there are pictures taken from the tombs in Upper Egypt, showing the process of preparing and storing unfermented wine.

6. Q.—How old are these pictures?
A.—About four thousand years old.

7. Q.—Give further proof.
A.—The Jews always used unfermented wine at their passover, marriage feasts, and other religious cermonies.

8. Q.—Mention one way in which wines were kept from fermenting.
A.—Bottles of goat skins were coated

with pitch inside and out, and then the fresh grape juice was put into them. They were corked so as to be air-tight, and immersed in a tank of cold fresh water or



ANCIENT WINE BOTTLES.

buried in wet sand for six or eight weeks.

9. Q.—How was the juice found to be when opened?

A.—Perfectly sweet and fresh. By this process it could be kept a year or more.

(To be Continued.)

## The Progress of Temperance.

The following remarkable statistics, says an English paper, afford a most encouraging picture of temperance progress during the Queen's reign.

It is pointed out that the development of abstaining temperance had assumed so organized a form by the year 1837, when the Princess Victoria succeeded to the throne, as to warrant the description of the great temperance movement as a distinguishing feature of the Victorian era. With little more than 100 abstinent ministers of religion and no ecclesiastical dignitary in 1837, we have now in Britain some thousands of the clergy of all denominations, including two archbishops, sixteen home and more colonial bishops, and lesser dignitaries by the score. From less than a dozen abstaining members of the medical profession sixty years ago, we have now over 1,000, including six university professors (453 of whom have associated themselves in the British Medical Temperance Association for the promotion of abstinence). With no university abstinence society in 1837, there are now several, the first having been founded by a medical student at Glasgow, in 1857, with 100 members, of whom one-third were medical. In the legislature, as elsewhere, abstainers are now seen by the dozen where none were known sixty years ago. Even in the navy and army, in which services only a few men abstained when the Queen ascended the throne, abstainers are to-day numbered by the thousand.

While the advance of abstinence has been very striking among women, there now being central women's temperance associations, with hundreds of local societies, where in the pre-Victorian era there were practically none, it ought not to be forgotten that, though drunkenness has decreased among males, female intemperance has largely increased.

Still more remarkable has been the enormous development of the most hopeful form of the temperance propaganda—the associated work of juvenile societies, now commonly known as Bands of Hope, which these are in every sense of the term. These societies of young people now number over 22,000, with a membership of probably about 3,000,000 children.

## An F. R. S. in Trouble.

A London city missionary said recently that, in visiting the lodging houses, he found the drink had a very sad effect upon all classes of men and women, young and old, learned and illiterate. He found in his visitation that a great number of the people who were inmates of those lodging houses to-day came there simply and solely through drink. One case he could give them was that of a man who was the author of seventeen volumes, and a preacher of the gospel, and a fellow of the Royal Society, but through drink that man had been brought down to living in the common lodging-houses. His works were all religious works; he had seen some of them. Another case he came across only a week or two ago was that of a man who up to two years ago was a total abstainer. He started business by working in a firm in the Potteries and commenced at a salary of 25s. a week. Through his great business capacity he rose until he was earning six pounds a week, and up to two years ago he had been a total abstainer. In less than two years that man had lost his situation and everything else and had come down to the common lodging-house. To-day he was working on the Southwestern Railway at 18s. a week. There was another young man that he had come across who was well educated and a good musician. His father had a good position in India and he had every opportunity of making his way in the world. This young man came to England and got a very good situation. Previous to this he was a total abstainer but he was tempted by some of those in the office to take drink. From drink he went to gambling, and eventually lost his situation, and to-day he was in a lodging-house. Many instances could be given of women who had fallen in the same way. He remembered one who used to ride in her carriage, and could speak six different languages, and was a splendid musician, and yet through drink she lost everything, and became an inmate of the common lodging-houses. Efforts were made to reclaim her, and it was with very great difficulty that one could move her from her old habits. She was taken care of, however, and he believed she was now doing better. He knew of many cases in which the drink had been the ruin of lives of both men and women.

## Prohibition Amongst the Romans.

The Romans, under the Republic, were prohibitionists after a fashion.

Men of honorable family were forbidden by law to drink wine before the age of thirty, or to drink to excess; while for women of any condition, free or slave, to touch wine except on some solemn occasion, as a sacrifice, was an offence visited by severe penalties.

Hence originated the custom of girls kissing their parents on their lips as a means of discovery whether they had been sampling the contents of the family amphora. But the law as affecting women was in time so far modified that they were permitted to drink wine made from boiled raisins.

# Correspondence

### HISTORY OF A JACK KNIFE.

Laura Etta P., of Skouhegan, Maine, sends the following:—

One day as I lay in a box with a great many other knives, a lady came in with a bright, robust young boy. She asked to see some jackknives and our box was taken down from the shelf on which we were kept. She looked us all over and finally I was chosen for the first knife for her boy, which was fortunate for him but unfortunate for me. He was delighted with me, and could not wait until he got home before he used me, so he tried to whittle on a box which was in the store, but it was so large that he could not do anything to it. To my great pleasure I was put in his pocket and left until he arrived home.

Before he had me many days I was taken to a shop, and ground until I fairly ached. The boy took me and used me as though I had no feelings. He would cut into the side of the house with me. I thought that he ought not to do it, but when we were found out the blame was all laid on him and he was punished, and did not think of whipping me to my great satisfaction.

One day my owner was out on a sand bank, and accidentally I fell out of his pocket and was left in the sand. Day after day I lay there in the hot sun and pelting rain. It seemed weeks before I was picked up again and put in the pocket of one of my owner's playmates, who returned me to my owner.

After lying in the sand for so long I did not shine as I did before. Then I was taken and rubbed until I looked almost as bright as before.

My owner used me every day until I was dropped in the stable floor, where I was stepped on by a large working horse. Then I was spoilt, so that I was not of much service to my master, but it taught him a lesson not to be so careless with his things.

But one day as he was going by a store he saw some small knives in the window. He went in and purchased another one for my place, as his aunt had given him fifty cents as a birthday present. He looked at it and then took me out and looked at us together and then put me at the bottom of his pocket carelessly; and then put his new one in his pocket carefully, but not careful of hurting me.

The new knife said to me, 'It is too bad for him to use you so carelessly, as you probably have done good service for him.'

I answered, 'Yes, I have done my service, although he has been rough with me a great many times, but I hope he will use you better than he has me, and you will be of good service to him.'

Then I felt my owner's hand take hold of me and I said to my new acquaintance, 'Good-bye, be of good cheer and do your work well.' Then I was thrown away on a heap of things, some of which had been destroyed by this very same boy.

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Dear Editor,—I have written once before to the 'Messenger' and thought I would like to write again. Our school stopped, the last of June, for two months' holidays. I enjoy reading the 'Messenger' very much, especially the page for little folks, and the 'Correspondence.' I am very fond of reading. I live on a farm quite near to the beach, and in summer go down to bathe. For pets I have two cats and a dog named Fido, I wonder if any of the little 'Messenger' readers' birthday is on the same date as mine, May 12. There was a great fire here lately, which swept away thirteen buildings. Hoping your paper will prosper, and with all good wishes, I remain, yours sincerely,

ROSIE H. M.

Richmond, P.S.

Would Rosie E. T. please send me her full address, as I wish to write to her.

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Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school, and we like it very well. I go to Sunday-school and to day-school, and I am in the fourth book. We have a good Sunday-school; there are eleven in my class besides myself. I live near the school house. I live so near that the scholars come to our well for a drink. I have one brother and no sisters.

JOSEPH G. C., (aged 10.)

Finch.

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Dear Editor,—I live on a farm in the township of Galbraith. I go to school, and am in the fourth reader. My teacher's name is Miss M. Currie, from Collingwood. We all love her. I go to church and Sabbath-school and get your valuable paper, the 'Messenger,' there. We would miss it very much if we did not get it. My Sabbath-school teacher's name is Mrs. T. Pace. We all like her; she is a good teacher. The name of our church is the Epworth Methodist Church. Our minister's name is the Rev. Mr. E. Bennett; we think he is a nice man and a good preacher. I was at a picnic a short time ago and enjoyed myself very much. I have a pet hen, and a pet cat. Some Indians were passing down the creek back of our house, and the little girl had the cat with a buckskin string around its neck and through the night the cat got loose and went a little piece and became tangled to a knot on a log and in the morning they could not find it. We heard it after they went away. My brother got it. We call it Slim Jim. He is a great pet. Our dog's name is Prince. We have another cat we call Louisa. I have four sisters—two are married—and four brothers. I am the youngest girl. I saw in the 'Messenger' a letter from a little girl, Annie Allen, of Kelley's Cave. Her birthday and mine are on March 28, only she is older than I am. This is a nice country. Some people who have never been here, think that Algoma is not fit for white people to live in, but if they were to come here they would soon think differently. It is a lovely country, and very healthy, but I will describe the place another time, as that would take too much space in your paper for one letter. From your little friend,

EVELINE H. S., (aged 11.)

Ophir, Algoma.

# HOUSEHOLD.

## The Fears of Children.

A litle girl frequently fancied she saw bears and tigers whenever she happened to awake in the night. Presumably she dreamed of some danger, maybe on account of having eaten too much for supper or having eaten the wrong kind of food. At any rate, she frequently awoke crying in the night, and in her fear interpreted the dim outlines of a dress or a curtain as a fearful beast that was about to attack her. The best thing to do is to deal tenderly with such fancies, and remove the child as far as possible from the object that has caused her excitement. Then, if you can do so without disturbing the other children, light the lamp and let it fall full on the thing that has given rise to her fear. Be slow, and express your opinion first as a kind of a preliminary assumption that the bear may after all be mamma's skirt or the curtain moving in the draught, and when this comforting probability is understood, follow up your advantage and declare it to be a good joke that a harmless piece of cloth should look like a fearful animal. Make the child smile at the incongruity of her fancy, and her laugh will cure the horror of the dream and dispel the nightmare as sunshine dissolves the mist.—'The Arena.'

## Young Girls and Society.

'I was talking with Ella Banks just now,' said Mrs. Munroe, coming to meet her friend, Miss Marcy, with a puzzled face. 'She tells me she has been to three parties in the last ten days, and the child is in distress because her mother cannot afford her another evening frock.'

'Ella Banks,' exclaimed Miss Marcy; 'why, she is still at school; how can she go into society?'

'Well, she does not seem to take your view; she is full of animation about her young friends, and her engagements, and her school appears to be a sort of side issue. By-and-by, when the term approaches its end, she will study very hard for her examination, and probably will overdo, and the blame will rest upon her teachers.'

'Yes,' said Miss Marcy, who had been a teacher, 'I have seen many similar cases of young girls breaking down through the effort to combine social pleasure with study, and for this reason, more than any other, I favor the sending of girls away to school or to college, so that their books may have a clear field and their nerves have a chance to keep strong and well poised. Poor, foolish Ella!'

'Poor Mrs. Banks! The folly on her part is greater than on Ella's,' said Mrs. Munroe. 'These abdicating mothers make tremendous mistakes.'—Mary Knox, in 'Christian Intelligencer.'

## How to go Shopping.

Never buy any article without a reference to the rest of your clothes. If you can wear it with nothing else it will be quite wasted.

Never buy a thing you do not want, just because it is cheap.

Don't buy any article merely because it is pretty, when you have not the faintest idea whether it will suit you.

Do not buy clothes at the end of the season because their price is reduced. Fashions change so quickly that they seldom come in for next season.

When you buy boots and shoes, try them on both feet, as sometimes both do not fit.

When you buy underlinen, look at the material and the stitching more than the trimming. A good, plain article, well made, is better than cheap finery.

Never buy anything that is too smart or too noticeable to go with the rest of your dress. It will have the effect of making the whole look shabby.

## Wheat Germ.

A few years ago I told my husband to get some oatmeal, or wheatlet, or something of that kind in the grocery. When he called they told him that they had nothing of that kind, but they did have something new and far better. It was a three-pound box for fifteen cents, but I will never tell you the name; it was too extravagant to be remembered. When he brought it home he opened it to see what kind of a thing it was, and being a millwright and understanding the grinding process, he said as soon as he saw it that it was plain wheat germ. 'We will try it,' said he, 'and if it turns out to be as good as they say it is, we can get plenty of it at the roller mill for a cent a pound.' When tried we were surprised to find that it surpassed anything for muffins, gem, and breakfast pudding that we had ever tried. But we buy it by the fifty-pound sack for seventy-five cents a sack, and eat it the year round for breakfast. One pint of buttermilk, one egg, one rounding teaspoonful of soda, one of salt, and germ enough to make a thin batter, put in eight gem pans to bake, and in fifteen or twenty minutes you have bread enough for three or four persons which will not give them dyspepsia, and will be relished by every one. The germ is the natural product of the roller mill. It can be caught at the germ spout by any miller who will take the trouble to do it for you.—Margaret A. Ramsey, in 'Wesleyan Methodist.'

## Things Worth Knowing.

Vinegar and sugar will make a good stove polish.

Old flannel shirts make good dusters and can be washed weekly. For the rubbing of silver they are invaluable.

Boston baked beans can be greatly improved by adding a cupful of sweet cream the last hour of baking.

Three tablespoonfuls of freshly made Japan tea, with a bit of nutmeg, gives an indescribable flavor to an apple pie.

To give a gloss to linen, pour one pint of boiling water on two ounces of gum arabic. Cover till next day, then strain it carefully and put into a clean bottle.

Rather thick slices of Boston brown bread toasted on both sides and with a poached egg slipped upon each slice, make an appetizing luncheon or breakfast dish.

To stop a bleeding nose, keep the patient's head thrown back and his arms raised. Hold a cold cloth or sponge to receive the blood. Press the fingers firmly on each side of the nose where it joins the upper lip. A piece of ice or a cloth wrung out of ice water may be placed at the back of the head.

Aperient medicines are best taken fasting. In administering a saline draught, bring the two parts ready dissolved in two glasses. When the large glass is in the patient's hands pour in the contents of the smaller.

It is the suggestion of a housewife that molasses will remove the grass stains often found on the summer clothing of children. The molasses is rubbed on as if it were soap, after which the garment is washed as usual.

To wash white lace boil some rice to a pulp, and having diluted this with warm water, proceed to wash the lace in it. Rinse in a fresh supply of rice water, and then pin out to dry. This method of cleaning lace makes it a good color and of sufficient stiffness.

Furs stored in dry or cold rooms retain their natural colors, and both leather and fur hold their natural facts. Dyed furs stored in dry or ice storage room 'die.' Their pelt assumes 'a papery' look and touch, and the fur turns 'felty.'

Common wheat flour put into a dry spider or frying pan, clean from grease or dirt and then set on a hot stove and constantly stirred until it becomes scorched a light brown color makes the best powder for chafing. Put in a bottle to use when needed. It is the best thing to use on young infants, and will heal when all other remedies fail. It is far superior to talcum powders for all chafing on old or young.

Everyday glassware, such as tumblers, goblets, etc., may be greatly toughened and breakages often prevented by placing them in a large boiler or pan containing cold water; set on the front of the stove, letting them come to a boil, and boil for several hours, after which they may be removed back and remain in the same water until it is cool.

## Selected Recipes.

Crab Apple Pudding.—Take one quart of crab-apples, nicely cored, place over the fire with one pint of sugar and three cupfuls of cold water. Cook until clear and thick. Place in a deep pudding-dish and pour over a batter made as follows:—One-third of a cupful of butter, one cupful of sweet milk, two eggs, a spoonful of baking powder, and flour to make a thin batter. Bake one hour. Serve with sweetened cream. This is a delicious pudding with any kind of fruit.

Favorite Pickles.—One quart of raw cabbage chopped fine; one quart of boiled beets chopped fine; two cupfuls of sugar, tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of white or black pepper, one-fourth teaspoonful of red pepper (the pods can be used). Cover with cold vinegar and keep from the air; slice horseradish and place on top of pickles, as it keeps it from moulding, and enough of the radish permeates the whole to give it a pleasant flavor, which cannot be said of it when grated. These pickles are delicious and appetizing.

Cold Tomatoes.—An economical way to dispose of cold stewed tomatoes is to beat in one egg, and thicken with fine bread crumbs till stiff enough to mould into croquets; then roll in beaten egg, then in fine crumbs, and fry brown. More seasoning should be added, else they will be tasteless and insipid. They are a nice dish for dinner; not out of place for breakfast. Stewed tomatoes, having eggs added in place of bread crumbs, five to the quart can, with salt, pepper, butter and a trifle of chopped onion, make a good vegetable to serve with a dinner. Beat the eggs well, and beat them in well, when the tomatoes are nearly done, and serve at once.

Genuine Pumpkin Pies.—These are to be really pumpkin, and neither squash nor custard. The pumpkin should be of dark yellow skin, and heavy in proportion to its size—the flesh thick and fine grained. Pare and cut in inch tubes and cook it in a little water until soft, being careful that it does not burn. Then pass through a colander, put it back in the kettle with some molasses or sugar and spice and let it mull away until it is a rich red amber marmalade. This must be done a day or two before the pies are made, for it is a work of time. One cupful of such pumpkin is ample for a deep pie; and real pumpkin pie is never baked in a shallow plate. A good proportion for a pie is a cup of pumpkin, an egg, three or four cups of milk, a half cupful of sugar, a little salt, a half teaspoonful of ginger, a fourth teaspoonful of cinnamon and a little nutmeg. Bake rather slowly.—Pres. Banner.'

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